loudpaper*

dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse

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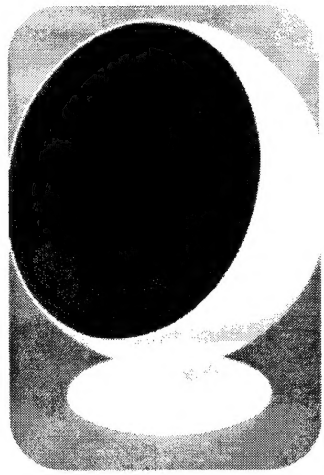

loud paper

loud paper is a zine dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse. It is a slambamgetitoutthere way of linking architectural thoughts, musings and new work with the culture at large.

loud paper is open to all students, architects, educators, girls about town, dear Johns, and critics as a place for writing loud about architecture and culture. Submissions of articles, projects, book and music reviews are encouraged.

Editorial
Mimi Zeiger
Jeremy Xavier

Contributors
Ryan Van Luchene
Steve Kudlak
kid plastic*
Laurel Charles

Sponsor
Helane Zeiger

loud paper is available from
Desert Moon Periodicals
(800) 547-0182
Fax: (505) 474-6317
xines@nets.com

Contact loud paper at:
loudpaper@mailexcite.com
or
loud paper c/o Mimi Zeiger
1521 LeRoy Avenue
Berkeley, California 94708

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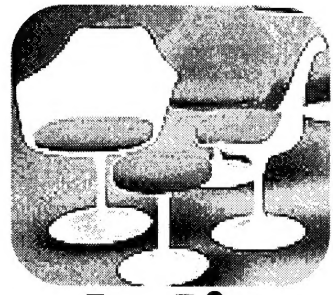
tiptoe through the tulips



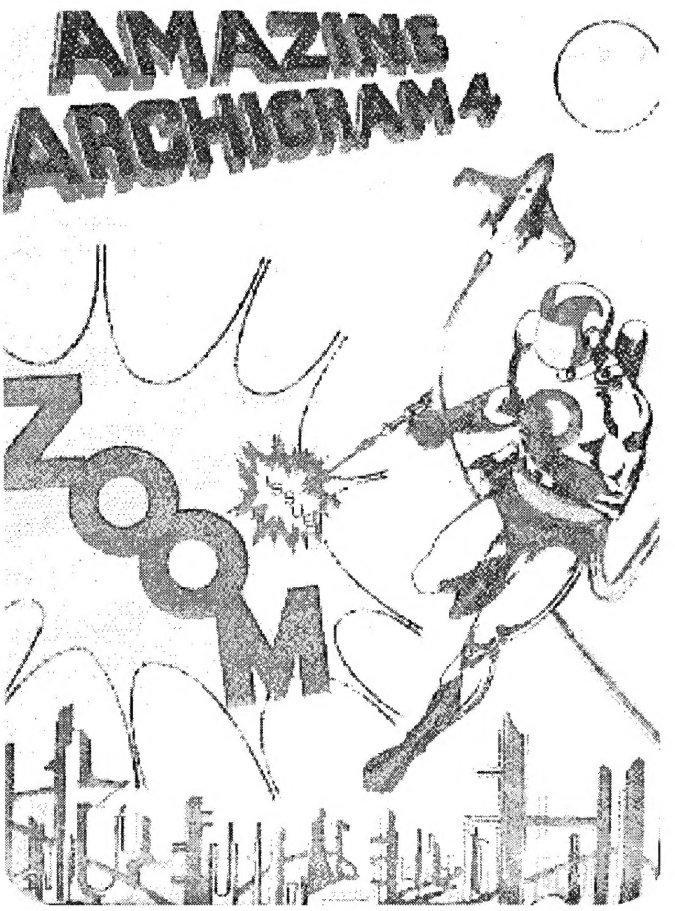
Tulip How-To

If you're looking to add a splash of color to your humble abode, tulips are a great way to go. They can be planted in the ground amongst other plants and are great in pots and flowerbeds, too. In fact, they come in so many different colors and styles nowadays, the hardest part in planting them is deciding which ones to buy!

To get started, find a spot that gets part sun/part shade and dig a hole or trench about eight inches deep. You may plant one at a time, but I have found that they give the most impact when planted together in groups of seven or more. Plant all one color, or mix 'em up for that personal touch. Experiment!

Next, I recommend that you mix about one tablespoon of bone meal or super phosphate fertilizer per bulb into the bottom of the hole (this gives the bulbs nutrients after they are through flowering). Now you can set the bulbs in place so that they are almost touching each other on the sides. Cover with some good indoor/outdoor potting soil and soak the area with water. Aside from occasional watering, you can cool your heels while they grow. It will be worth the wait when they put on their show! After they are through flowering, continue to water once in awhile and leave the foliage on the plant so that it may make nutrients to store for next year. When they have yellowed, the leaves should pull off easily. If you have planted them in pots, you can remove the bulbs and keep them dry in a paper bag until next season, if you'd like.

Good luck, and happy gardening!



Concerning Archigram, edited by Dennis Crompton
Archigram Archives, London, 1998, p.168.

The exhibition *Archigram: Experimental Architecture 1961-74* will be showing at Thread Waxing Space, New York City (March-April 1998); The Art Center College of Design/Alyce de Roulet Williamson Gallery (August-October 1998); San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco (March-June 1999); Henry Art Gallery/Fay G. Allen Center for the Visual Arts, Seattle (July-October 1999).

rupert is back.

**"We are in pursuit of an idea,
a new vernacular, something to stand alongside
the space capsules, computers and throwaway packages of an
atomic/electronic age."**

So, states the cover of *Concerning Archigram,* the first book to be put out by the Archigram Archives in order to coincide with the touring exhibiting, *Archigram: Experimental Architecture 1961-74.*

Chock full of projects and lore, the little 5"x5" book is at its best when just images. The pop graphic style of the work and the groovy pods and capsules of Warren Chalk, Peter Cook, Dennis Compton, David Greene, Ron Heron, and Michael Web still have a fun, punchy feel, which makes them almost *au-currant.* A slow moving essay by Barry Curtis entitled, *Archigram – 'A Necessary Irritant,'* that traces the roots of Archigram to the Independent Group and then to the Situationists, is both boring and obvious, although it is lightened by images of Airstreams and Bucky Fuller domes along the way. Cook and Greene offer up quite a bit of reminiscence on rubber edges and grommets that are sweet and witty. For those folks who cannot afford the big Archigram books which range from forty five to over one hundred dollars apiece, *Concerning Archigram,* a little fifteen dollar volume, fills the need for a little-fast image Archigram.

better than radio

On a rainy afternoon last winter, I slipped into the Banana Republic flagship store on the corner of Grant and Sutter. I was seeking shelter, but I found Paul Weller. As I walked through the front doors, before the obligatory smile and greeting by the greeter, I heard the hopping base line to the song "Town Called Malice" by the Jam. For the uninitiated, Paul Weller was the singer for the Jam, a band that was more than a late 70s power pop outfit, they were Mod revivalists who cared very much about the clean lines of the 60s-era Mods and the importance of looking sharp. While other English bands wore safety pins, the Jam had impeccably tailored three-button suits.

There are certain moments in one's life when the right song can transcend mundane every day life and create a movie-esque experience. The right soundtrack can do this. As all film directors know, the right music makes the scene. I can't imagine Rocky Balboa climbing that dreadful mound of stairs *sans* the exhilaration of the "Gonna Fly Now" piece. Without the music, it's just a man wheezing his way up some stairs. With the music, it's a transcending experience.

So there, in the store, my feet are tapping to the song. Let's get this out of the way, I am a huge Paul Weller fan. I even own the Style Council records (don't laugh, they're quite good.) Suddenly, Banana Republic is more than just a store; it's a place playing my favorite music. While this may seem fairly innocuous, several studies claim that when stores play music enjoyed by the clientele, sales increase. Corporate identity makers have discovered what anyone who has worked an 8-hour shift has always known: it's all about the music.

As I was standing in the doorway, dripping brolly in hand, an employee asked if I needed help. I told him I was impressed with the music. He urged my to buy a CD the store was selling called *In the Mix*, a compilation of Mod songs to bring the sound of Banana Republic home with me. There was something incredibly amiss about this. These were the songs I listened to all my life and when I listened to them in my room, the songs were never the sound of Banana Republic. The CD featured songs like "To Sir With Love" by Lulu and the theme from *the Avengers* TV show. These were the sounds of the swinging 60s and bands who came later and tried to capture that feel; a feeling of tailored clothes, sleek lines and impeccable dressing for both men and women. These are the songs of people who never wore baggy chinos and denim shirts. Anyone who has ever seen *the Avengers* will understand that Diana Rigg never wore khakis.

But I was wrong. Banana Republic is no longer the store of the denim shirt. All around me there were stacks of sleek, Calvin Klein knock-off clothes in stacks of rich colors. It was very artistically arranged. If you have seen Peter Wegner's piece, *Stillwater, Breakwater, Edgewater, Waterfall*, the store had that feel of descending colors aligned. There was nary a denim shirt in sight and the khakis were much more tailored, much more fitted, much more Mod. Banana Republic had changed and they had chosen the perfect soundtrack for their clothes. The people at the headquarters had gotten it right.

After making a few calls, I discovered something about the way many stores choose their music. Banana Republic uses a company called AEI in Washington to create custom sounds for their retail locations. The visual department of the chain creates a profile for the season's clothes and AEI comes up with what they call the *signature sound* for the retail chain. This means that if you want a cosmopolitan, urban-modern sound, they get you Cornelius, Buffalo Daughter and Dimitri From Paris. You want a non-threatening, jazzy soundtrack that the baby-boomers dig; they give you Miles, Monk, Dizzy and Bird. You want the swinging bachelor sound that all the other stores had last year; they get you Nelson Riddle, Dean Martin and George Sheering. You want a feel-good 80s sound for those late 20-somethings to relive their college years; they give you REM, Elvis Costello, Talking Heads and U2. They know music; it's their job.

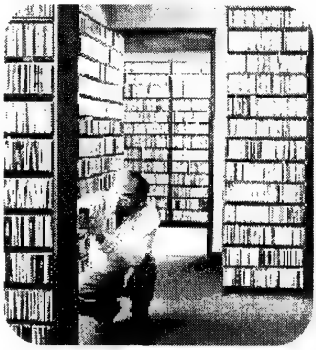
AEI have a crack team of 25 music aficionados who create the sound of corporate identity for many retail chains including Abercrombie & Fitch, Gap inc., and Starbucks. They pay bulk royalties to record companies and enjoy the benefits of using almost anything in the record company's catalog. I'm told record companies love store soundtracking. It's apparently better than radio. Record company promotions people actually court AEI. John Tesh recently made a stop at their Seattle offices for a meet and greet and a performance, but I'm not sure how well he was received... I suppose there are a few discount clothing stores in outer suburbia that may suit his super square-jaw sounds.

The appeal is obvious. Songs are much more emotionally charged than, say... furniture. While you may not remember the chairs at a retail outlet or the color of the shelving, you very well might be humming the song they play five minutes after leaving the store. Perhaps more than anything else, it is the music that gives feeling to the space. Retail has picked up on this. Most chains have

a 'roll-out' look for their stores that architectural firms adhere to, but now they want something beyond maple fixtures and track lighting. They want a sound. Corporate identity makers have finally come to see that nothing changes, accentuates and ultimately decorates a space as well as music.

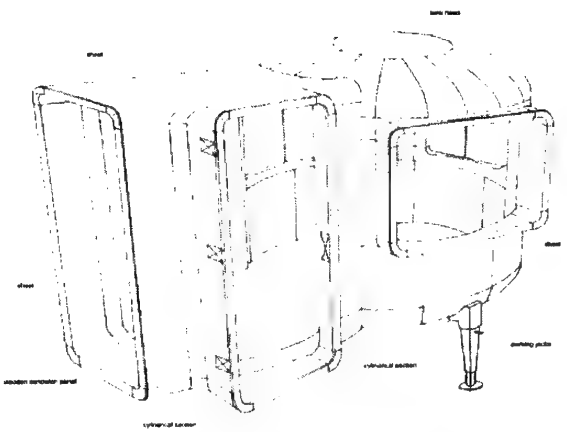
Music is a perfectly form-fitting piece of art that fits neatly into any room. It lays an entirely new layer of experience and narrative onto any space. Music conjures memories and evokes experience in ways that no furniture or building material can ever dream of conveying. It goes beyond anything that a mere tangible object can do. And corporations know this. They want their spaces to be your spaces. That's why they are claiming your favorite songs.

diana rigg. *sans* khaki.



hard-working aei tech creating a signature sound

figure 2.2



CASTmobile.
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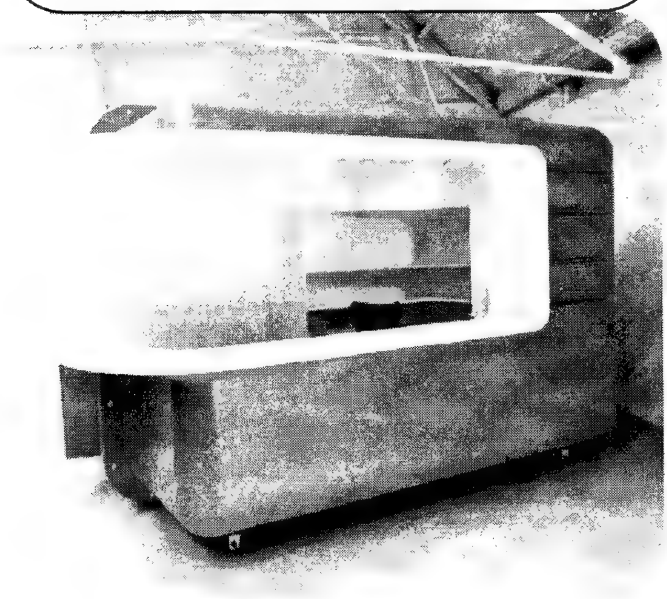


Atelier van Lieshout, A Manual
Kölnicher Kunstverein, Cologne and Museum Boijmans van Beuninger, Rotterdam, 1998, pgs. 272.

fiberglass on the go

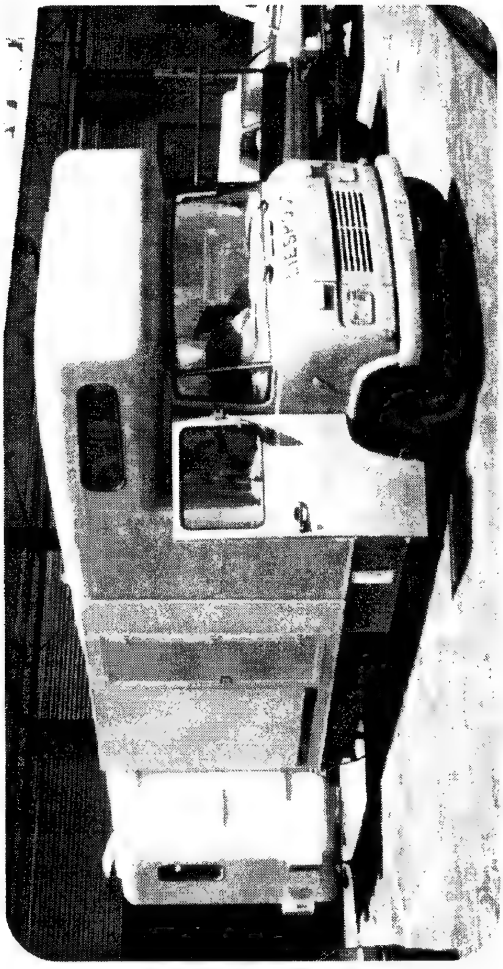
Cool things:

1. **Mobile Homes**
2. **Fiberglass**
3. **Rem Koolhaas**
4. **People who consider sausage making an art form.**

"Sausages?" Yes, sausages. Pork links are featured along with an entire butchering operation as the latest work of Dutch artist/architect/sculptor Joep van Lieshout and his studio, Atelier van Lieshout, in the book *Atelier van Lieshout, a Manual.*

Butchering and curing meats is just the most recent of Lieshout's pieces. The penultimate work of the Atelier, a series of installations and furniture, proveto be, architecturally, the most interesting. Lieshout's spaces and objects are three-dimensional versions of Hanna Barbara cartoons. They are constructed out of the same material as the lowly Port-o-let, and have as much function, but are as equally at home in an art gallery as in a trailer park.

In 1994 Rem Koolhaas commissioned Lieshout to design toilets, curvy fiberglass style, for the Grand Palais at Lille. The atelier has also produced info desks for museums, designs for the Alliance Française, Rotterdam, as well as many other experimental trailers, pods, and furniture. The EZ clean designs made of curved polyurethane sandwich construction and decorator drains would make any housewife smile, if it weren't for the astringent sexual overtones. The colors of the constructions range from light green to swimming pool blue and cabana orange and would suit any Euro-chic household. Deep shag carpet and bloody red loungers adorn the custom campers and challenge the Kitchen-Aid palette.



modular house mobile. 1995/1996

The atelier's campers and other mobile architecture take inspiration from streamlined trailers and traveling carnival rides in jelly bean hues. They offer a perspective for a modern future laden with nostalgia for the past. It is a future based on form, quirky technology and a good deal of sensuality. Lieshout's lines are seedily suggestive. One pod, the unfortunately titled *Bachelor Machine Trailer,* is comprised of two semi-square pods that fit telescopically into one another. The smaller pod pulls out, enlarging the trailer and cre-

sausages. 1997

ating the camper's cushy sleeping loft. The upholstery has the look of rock star pants – gleaming vinyl pulled tight, reflecting the lights.

The book is decidedly masculine. It is filled with quotes from the Marquis de Sade, references to Batallie, and dry Brabaut sausages. Not to be forgotten is the giant, glass-fiber reinforced polyester sculptural penis, *the Pitiful One, 1997,* that is fifteen times life size. Despite the enormous prick, the manliest part of the manual is the Manual. The last third of the book is a how-to guide to the atelier. It is also the best attempt by Lieshout to demonstrate his tongue-in-cheek ideology and his spirit for collaboration. With step-by-step instructions, accompanied by illustrations worthy of Time-Life Home Improvement, the manual offers a D.I.Y. guide for creating your very own camper and the pork sausage to go with it. It is perfect for any budding handyman. The manual is as well suited for coffee tables as for workbenches. Lieshout's work tests the boundaries that shape modern living.

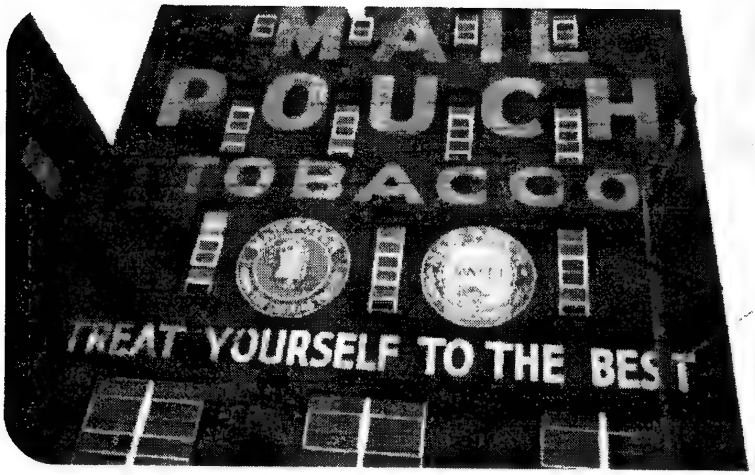
field report:

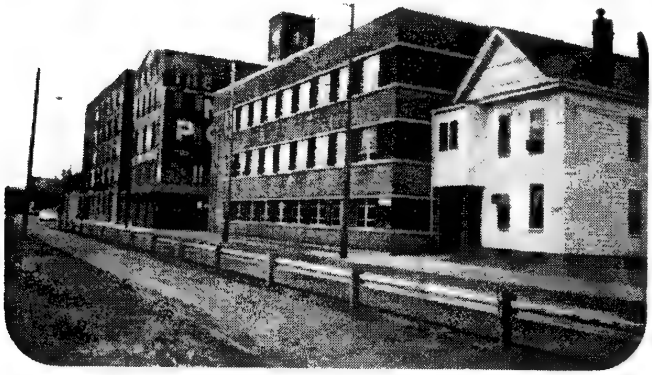
wheeling, west virginia
june 1998

Architecture effects things. Here, buildings are supposed to be large and dominate the landscape. So the local Tobacco Company (nicknamed by me, *Toxic Products Company*) has a huge building in back of the house. In fact, they built one of those huge metal shed buildings in back, too. This is the land of poor employment, so we are not supposed to complain. Toxic Co. looks like some medieval fortress. At night, lights occasionally get left on in the top tower, which is kinda neat. Now that it is summer, the sickening sweet odor of tobacco fills the air. Due to government regulations regarding tobacco, one would have to get a job there to be able to sneak up into the tower and look out over the landscape it is designed to dominate.

Wheeling is not quite as superficially sanitized as some of the East San Jose, CA, tract areas. There are acres of identical houses in those tract areas and you don't have to ask, "Where is the bathroom?" because you already know. Palo Alto, CA, is better, but boring. I had not realized that growing up there had an architectural influence. I used to wonder why people complained about height limits. For all commercial buildings there was an Architectural Review Board that had to approve the plans. But there were enough large buildings scattered around the suburbs for fun. The Webster Street Parking Garage has six floors and it is open day and night. One can walk up and down the stairs or get into the neat shiny futuristic elevator and push the '6' button and go up to the top which, at night, is a broad plaza from which one can see most of the city.

Palo Alto is safe and expensive. One night we had a pizza party on the sixth floor and were not bothered. I watched the total eclipse of the moon from that structure. Across the street is the FUMC (First United Methodist Church) which was immediately renamed the *First United Industrial Church.* The FUMC is the best use of pink concrete.

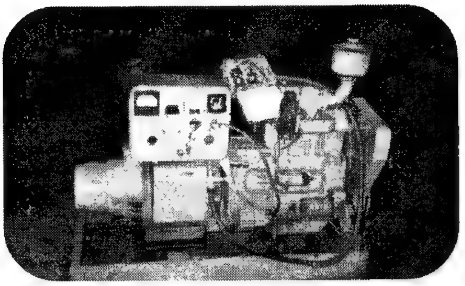




toxic *product* co.

It has three huge cones stuck in the ground and an interconnecting set of structures that connect the cones. It looks kinda like an H.P. Lovecraft version of a Gothic cathedral. The front and side entries have huge glass enclosed ante-rooms that proceed the main church sacristy. Instead of stained glass, there are huge chunks of colored glass embedded in the large cones. One could enter the building by asking politely. Inside, when the sun shines through the glass, colored light falls all around. When I lived in California, there were ceremonies at night which lit the place. It was not quite *son et*

dying
machines

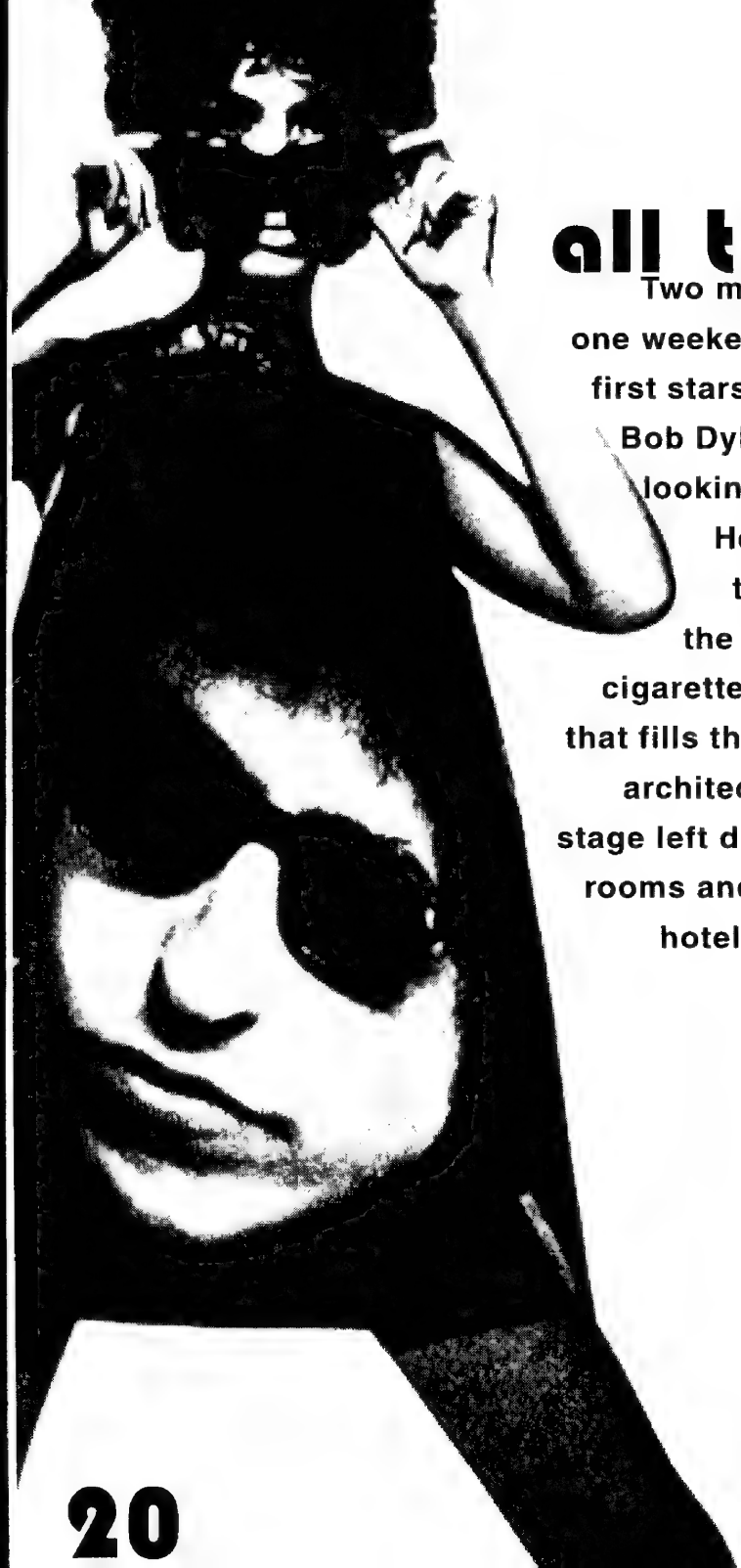


lumiere, but it was still pretty impressive. The glass romantic reflections made by the lights were most intriguing. The size of the church seemed not menacing, like the tobacco factory, but large and protective.

Here in Wheeling, WV, the city building houses typical 1950s thinking: no real public areas, just walkways and employee-only offices. In Palo Alto, the city building has a large lounge area in the front and there are two large HP computers with good graphics so that anyone can surf the net. The usual hours are from 9am to 5pm, but on city council meeting nights, the building stays open until 10 or 11pm. I went looking to see if there were secret lounge areas in the Wheeling City Building. I nonchalantly walked the halls with a "I know where I am going look" but I was quickly stopped by people asking "May I help you?"

Over the last twenty years the population of Wheeling has fallen precipitously from about 46,000 in 1970 to about 30,000. The funny and spooky thing is that this is the land of human reproduction and the population is falling. People still get married to their teenage sweethearts and immediately start having babies. The large factories reinforce the highly divided sex roles here. It seems that culture creates architecture and then architecture helps to enforce culture.

Wheeling is one of those dead and dying industrial towns grasping at straws and trying to revitalize itself. Some of the straws are strange, like wanting to get into the prison industry. Ohio County wants a new federal prison and at the same time they have tried to turn Wheeling into a Nashville, TN so it can be the home of country music and a tourist trap. But the area is full of large and foreboding, rusty and marginally maintained buildings. The factory in town produces nails. According to the old people, it is the only industry left in town. Artistically, I think this building would look good rusting and melting into the ground. Or even transformed into an Art Nouveau palace that produces rainbow colored nails. I would opt for anything but the architectural status quo.



and

all that

Two movies – one weekend. The first stars Dylan, Bob Dylan, not looking back. He gazes through the orgy of cigarette smoke that fills the films' architecture of stage left dressing rooms and stuffy hotel suites.

The movie, a cleaned up print of the 1967 classic *Don't Look Back*, documents Dylan's 1965 tour with Joan Baez through England. But it is not really a concert film. This is no Rolling Stones self-tribute to the rock and roll lifestyle. Well, maybe it is, but only in a pre-stadium way. The music is there: the harmonica, the nasal voice matched by a strummed guitar.

While the film captures gloriously the on stage performances, its strength is derived from the crystal sync camera developed by director, D.A. Pennebaker. The technology, which was innovative at the time, allows for easy matching of fast and loose film footage to sound. The match of sound to hand-held camera reveals the hermetic world of Dylan and his entourage as they tour across the English countryside and cruise into London. In each hotel Dylan glowers and argues with the management. Gamy reporters wrapped in black and white camel overcoats and armed with greasy notepads push themselves into the tiny suites. They pile one on top each other like fraternity boys in a telephone booth. And from that position they shoot out pointed questions and dig for meaning in old Bob's folk songs. The news hounds are convinced that our hero is plotting to change the world – that he is starting a revolution under his disheveled hair and sarcastic remarks. But Dylan doesn't know. He takes a drag on his ash-laden cigarette, shrugs his shoulders and says, "Hey, I just sing, man."

There is a revolution brewing in *Don't Look Back*. It seeps out of the architecture, out of spaces with one too many people sitting on a dirty Danish sofa. When one mixes the great unwashed with modern furniture, trouble is bound to happen. The cameraman, Pennebaker, is pushed up against the corner of those close rooms. He is approved to get the entire atmosphere on film. He takes it all in – the excitement, the existential bullshit, the kohl eyeliner on be-bobbed girls. The lens implies a scent: it smells like cinders and cooked

tiptoe through the tulips

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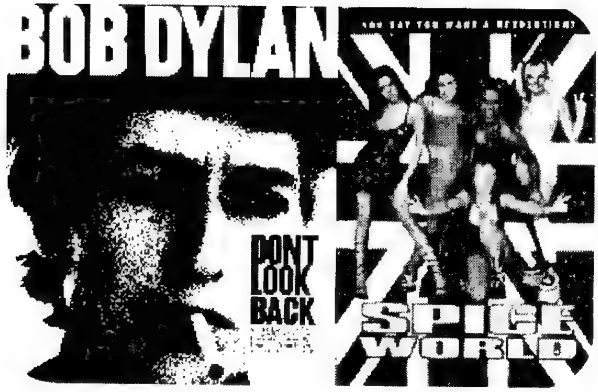


cabbage. Steam comes from the kitchen up through the floorboards and, like a draft, encircles the familiar mop of curly hair and hangers on in striped shirts.

The film is composed of seething interiors. Even the walls, wrapped in flaky floral paper, reflect the heaviness of an ancient Victorian status quo and a post-war angst. Although the film was made in the mid-sixties, Modernism is not evident. There is no free plan, no ribbon windows and the closest thing to transparency is Donavan, who is touring simultaneously. All the hallways, the hotel rooms and the dressing rooms make for just about all the claustrophobia one can handle on an El Niño Valentine's night at the Roxie Theater.

The movie moves, well... rather... staggers, from one confined room to another, dragging Dylan, a crew of drunkards and intellectuals, ex-Animals members, and a beat up Royal typewriter along with it. *Don't Look Back* builds from this unruly mass to one man on stage at the Royal Albert Hall in London. It is a building shaped like a swollen belly. The shape is pregnant with Queen Victoria's love for Albert. It's a banger and mash version of the Taj Mahal, and in in this expectant hall that Bob Dylan (not the Caesar cut Jacob) with acoustic guitar and a harmonica braced to his neck, stands with his head sticking onto the spotlight, the rest of his corpus disappears into the darkness.

The film climaxes here. Every previous cramped hotel room coming together to create a perceived claustrophobia of light and dark in the domed concert hall. The Beatles played the portly Albert. They filled it with pop delight, making the huge dome lift up with helium jangles and "Love-Me-Do's," but with Bob, it is

the inverse. The space of the hall is collapsing in on itself, continuing the aesthetic of his compact universe. Dylan stands alone in the blackness. His Okie strands of "Baby Blue" muck up the gray-black 16mm celluloid.

The other film screened over the wet, moody weekend was another guilty pleasure. A media-orchestrated explosion, *Spice World's* luminosity cuts though the diesel fumes, smoke, and almost wino haze of *Don't Look Back*. The two movies are some thirty years apart and are in culturally opposing stratospheres – the morose Dylan barking at the press and screened in art houses versus chants of girl power screened in multiplexes. But the two films layer on top of one another and occupy the same physical space, London and its environs. Each film is deeply routed in the space of the city in order to build to their tandem plot climaxes in the Royal Albert Hall. The intense post-war folksy grimness gives way to a post-rave folly of sweetness, light and Spice racks. It is as if the swollen tummy of the concert venue, impregnated by Victoria in 1863, gave birth to Baby Spice. Only Noel Gallager would be unmoved by the sight of platform shoes so wide and tall that they could be mistaken Lloyd's of London footings.

The Spice Girls fill the Old Albert with swirls of Technicolor that reach clear to the coffers in the ceiling. "Shake it to the left" and electronic drumbeats replace the strums of the free-wheeling, razor sharp-tongued folk singer. If *Don't Look Back* is comprised primarily of closet sized interiors, *Spice World*, aptly named, is made of Cinemascope exteriors. It is filmed as panoramic landscapes, even when inside. It rambles over Ha-ha's and fords across streams. Even London, a veritable urban realm as any, is turned into a quaint country village under a dusting of Spice.

Smack in the middle of this Turner landscape is a Jasper John painting. The Spice Girl tour bus – flat, thin red, white and blue paint is spread across a double decker. (As if the red standard issue didn't signify London, enough.) The collage of the Union jack on

the perceived English blandness, the collage of girl power spice on a plate of pale gray cabbage, parallels the girls rise to fame. The spice personas clothed in kandy-colored kool aid spandex are color-formed on top of their rough and tumble, pasty Cockney birth. It is Marilyn times five, wired for sound and day tripping across the heath.

Even the interior of this glorious Spice Bus, the giant flag of *girl power* which whirls through the cobbled streets represents a vision of the great outdoors. Their tour bus is laid out like the country estate of a great English manor. Follies devoted to each Spice Girl wrap the edges of the bus, enclosing a lawn of plush blue carpet painted with a warped Kenneth Noland target and looking suspiciously like a Georgia O'Keeffe lily. Baby Spice rocks on her rope swing, twirls her braids and licks a lollypop while Sporty Spice delivers all of her lines from the seat of a stationary bike. Posh struts each of her little black dresses down a catwalk built for one, pirouetting and voguing her way across England. Ginger Spice lounges on Dali's Bocca couch – two red lips with puckering pillows, and Scary Spice paces in her jungle-print lair.

The iconic match of Spice to setting brings to mind the visionary houses of Claude Ledoux. His visionary structures of abstract form refer to personality or trade of the occupant, leading to whimsical fancy buildings. *The House for a Cooper*, is set in a pastoral landscape, and straddles a stream. The house is shaped like a barrel and water pours through the center. Ledoux's *House for a Cooper* or *Workshop for Wood Burners* could just as easily be Baby Spice surrounded by her stuffed toys in her playpen.

Ledoux designed his projects each for a particular *metiér.* His structures are suited for a clearly defined group, for a clearly defined task, i.e. Sporty Spice's environment looks like a gym, *the Workshop for Wood Burners* looks like a stack of wood. The buildings, follies, and huts reflect not the most effective built space for each activity. Instead, they reflect the spirit and the iconography of *metiér.* Just as each of the Spice Girls has her own *metiér,* as housed in their magic bus, Dylan has his own environment. Perhaps it is found best, not in all the stuffy rooms, but in the taxi which takes him out of London. The final sequence of *Don't Look Back* takes place in the cramped confines of a standard London cab. Dylan sits in the backseat with his manager and roadie. He smokes and mulls over being called an anarchist. The cameraman sits backwards in the front and shoots between the seats, occasionally catching a headrest in the corner of the frame.

sporty spice's environment looks like a gym.

the workshop

***for wood burners* looks like**

a stack of wood

The taxi scene may be the most confined shot of the film, but it is also the most open and mobile. As the cab moves along the streets, heading towards Heathrow airport, pieces of gray sky and skyline are glimped out the side windows. These fleeting glances offer an additional spacial link between Bob and Geri. The sidelong views of London, as framed by Pennebaker, pit the hermitage taxi against the outside world; the ongoing battle of interior versus exterior. The movable frame of the taxi, which carries in its belly the cargo for revolution, is really just a precursor to the hippie buses, heavy metal tour buses with hot tubs in the back, and punk rock tour vans with "Deathstar" painted across the front. In fact, the glorious vision of the Spice Bus, the travelling circus of sugar pop bliss, holds the same explosive nucleus as Dylan's cab, but it is viewed from the outside, as an object, not from the inside, as a partner in crime.

This distanced ironic glance is the basis for a late twentieth century way of viewing the world. *Spice World* represents a post-Post Modern vision. It takes everything in, all at once. It is the entire panorama of London, Spice, and a huge array of obscure English actors making cameo appearances. (Ginger Spice magically morphs into Bob Hoskins.) The scope of references is synthesized together into a tenuous meaning. On a wet and weary weekend the same vision, in a collage worthy of Rauchenberg, the black and white art-house classic is bonded to the exuberant whoop of "...if you wanna be my lover," as sung by the five chorus girls of the new millennium.

shag, plastic and what they wore

a thoroughly incomplete compendium to 60s fashion

1960s French pop singer Jacques Dutronc wears the *minet* look as worn by French modernist teens. They shopped at the White House Renoma on the Rue de la Pompe and the suit jackets were:

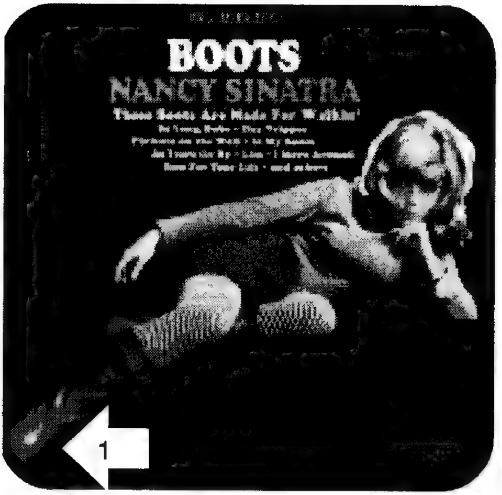
(1) very narrow in the shoulders

(2) pinched at the waist and exaggeratedly long.

*

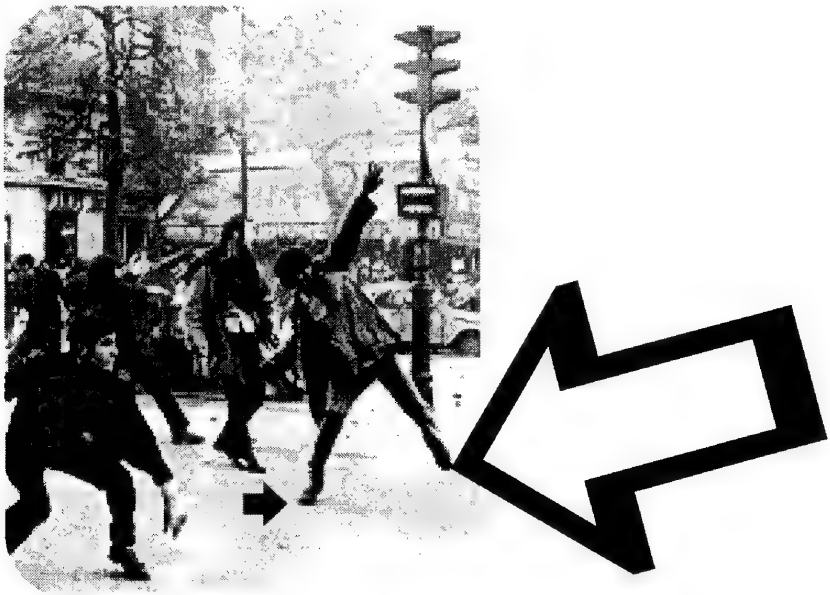
jeremy xavier

(1) These boots are made for more than just walking. They are the perfect choice for Byrds concerts, Be-In's and riots on the Sunset Strip.



(2) Nancy takes the mini-idea even shorter by abandoning the skirt altogether. How does that grab you?

revolution



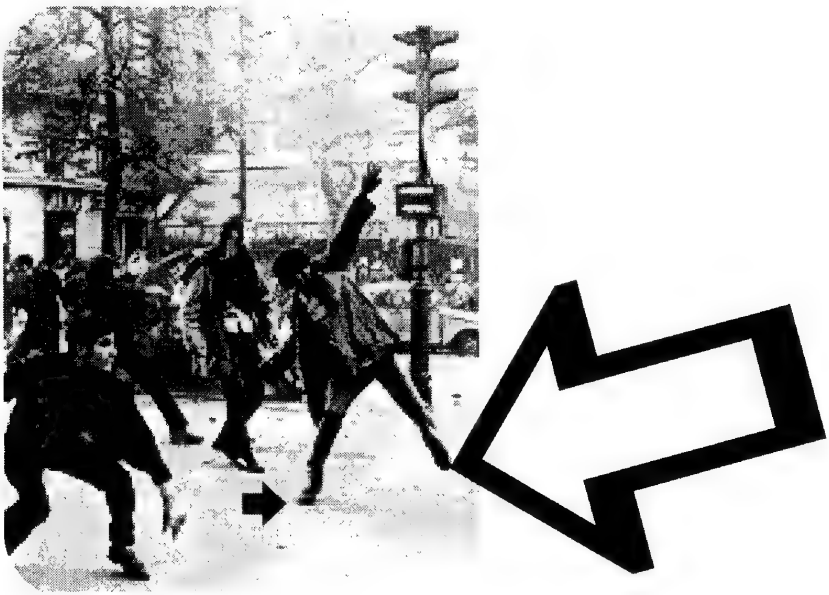
* When the revolution erupted in Paris,
the well-dressed revolutionary
knew that Clarks desert boots
were the perfect shoe for
hurling stones and
causing a ruckus in the streets.

The streamlined silhouette
and cushioned crepe soles made
for quick getaways
and went swimmingly
with the slim-fit corduroy pants.

Ian and Ann Grey of Carnaby Street's *Gear* boutique pay homage to the Cockney "Pearl King and Queen" by accentuating their tailored Mod clothes with **(1)** pearly buttons. For Ian, the choice is obvious, **(2)** four-button jacket, **(3)** narrow shoulders, and **(4)** narrow trousers without cuffs. Ann ops for the **(5)** mini, **(6)** white tights and Mary Jane look. Very classic.

Well done, Ian and Ann!

revolution



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for the people

Never mind Twiggy.

Hidden within William Klein's op-art extravaganza is **(1)** Peggy Moffit, the real It-girl for the revolution. The look is **(2)** sleek, black, Vidal Sasoon-styled hair and **(3)** Rudy Gernreich's striped jumpsuits.

In this still from *Qui êtes-vous Polly Maggoo?* Peggy and Co. bring **op** to the people.

I. lust

Brigitte Bardot.

Modern furniture is born from Brigitte Bardot. In real time it makes little sense. In real time Paris and the Bauhaus were turning out glorious design pre-WWII. Burgeoning avant garde-ists in cubist clothes sat on geometric chaises and planned for the future. Post-war, the same designers, now U.S. émigrés, were using the war technology to fashion cool effects for modern living.

By then, Bardot was in training bras. Yet, in hindsight it makes perfect sense. Bardot's appearance in the 1963 Jean-Luc Godard film, *Contempt*, is the birth of mid-century design.

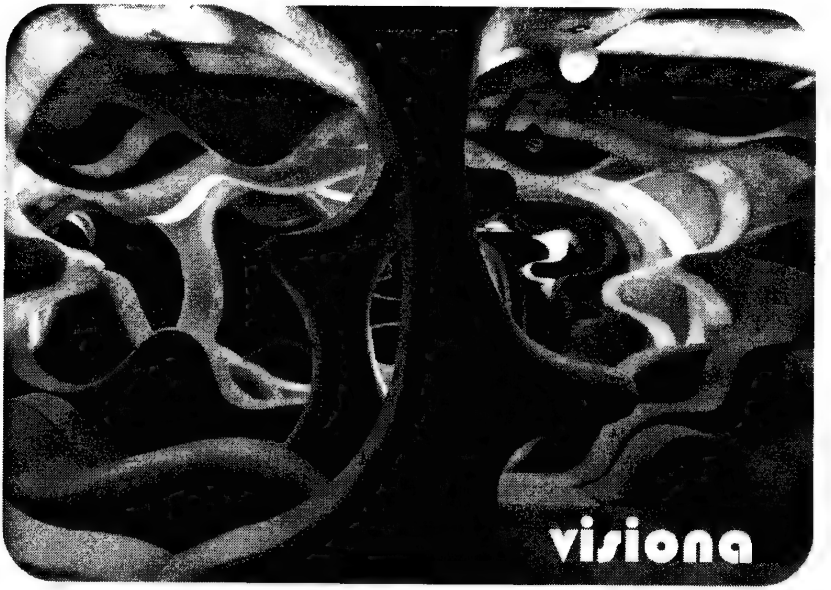
Contempt was shot at the Casa Malaparte, a villa by architect Adalberto Libera. Balanced on a cliff in Capri, the casa is a composition of colors: blues, oranges, terra cottas and first wave Modernist lines. The main room fills the entire footprint of the house. The emptiness of the room sends the gaze to the periphery. Vast, unsashed windows open to a vista of the deep blue Mediterranean and a white sky.

Poised against the house is Bardot. The house is transformed. She is a study in curves – hips, breasts and headbands. Her curves mimic and mock the curved, sail-like white wall that crowns the roof terrace of the Casa Malaparte. Despite the white-heat of her exterior, shrouded in black sunglasses, she is cold and hard. Her sensuality is converted to injection molded plastic. The panty line creases left on her bare bottom match the mold seams on the underside of cheap plastic chairs. So she stands, shifts and, at times, acts her way through Godard's film. She is like sixties furniture. Her body is a bucket seat at the TWA terminal in New York; her curves are a Verner Panton form.

II. Form

Verner Panton designed the first injection molded plastic chair in 1960. Its form, a single piece of plastic, was self-supporting and designed to match the body. The plastic chairs of other designers prior to Panton were comprised of several parts; legs fragmenting from the whole of the body. Eero Saarinen's Tulip chair was formed of a base, stem and petal-like seat and back. Panton's chair was all motion, all sensuality and lust. All Bardot. The chairs were designed to stack together, erotically nestled, rump to rump.

Panton's shocking design was mass-produced in 1967 – the era of swinging scenes and free love. The liquid forms matched the psychadelia of the time. By then, Panton was designing interiors that took his Bardot



forms over the top. His 1968 room design at the *Visiona* exhibition transformed every surface of the room into a felt-covered sexual object. Far removed from the cool sensuality of Bardot and the Casa Malaparte, Panton's designs turn architectural space into the Kama Sutra.

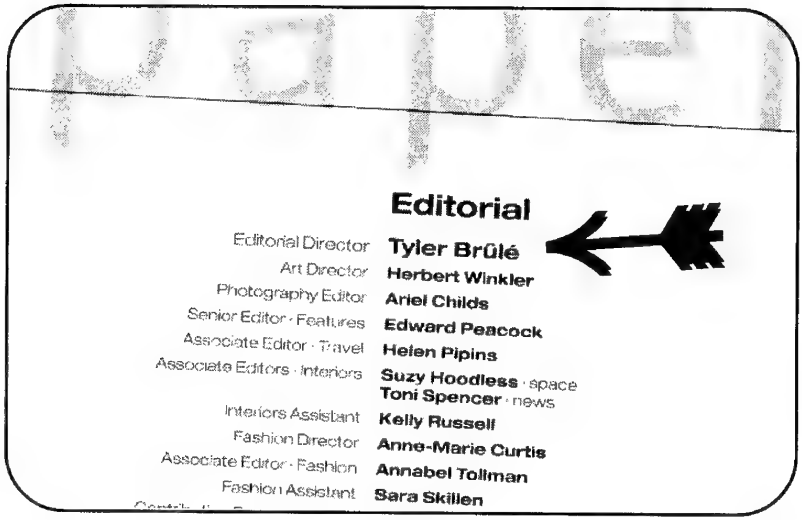
III. Loss

When Panton's honeyed forms trickled down to the mass market of lava lamps and hanging bead curtains in the late sixties and early seventies, they took the form of the bean bag chair. The chair, a great lumpy piece of dorm furniture, has managed, due to a wholesale revival of all things retro, to make a re-appearance into the higher ends of furniture design. The sloth-like throne was clothed in leather and paraded across the pages of the April issue of *Ellé Décor*. The editors deemed the piece so worthy of modern memorabilia that it can be ordered via the magazine, but the chair holds none of the seductive qualities of other mid-century design.

During a 1963 interview, Godard said of his film, "...*Contempt* seems to me, beyond its psychological study of a woman who despises her husband, the story of castaways of the western world, survivors of the shipwreck of modernity who, like the heroes of Verne and Stevenson, one day reach a mysterious desert island, whose mystery is the inexorable lack of mystery, of truth that is to say."

It seems that, with Bardot as the siren, our ship has wrecked on the island of mid-century design. All the attempts to unveil the mystery of this era have lead to a form that speaks truthfully of its purpose. The bean bag tells stories of rooms filled with swirls of pot-smoke and awkward, stoned necking parties; rompus rooms that have deep orange shag carpets and white plastic pellets lodged in their synthetic threads. As 60s and 70s designs resurface in our retrospective nets, what was formerly undesirable (the ubiquitous bean bag chair which is still available for $17.99 at Woolworth's) is transformed into an object of lust and commodity.

The forms of that era were revolutionary. The exuberant curves and pop iconography flew in the face of traditional *modern* design. It was furniture for the Molotov cocktail set, not the Banana Republic cocktail set. The furniture provided a new vision of how to occupy dreary post-war flats, offering up a sexy domain of fashion and color. Even the lowly bean bag chair had a bit of the anarchist spirit. It eschewed the standard means of crafting and sitting in furniture. What is lost as the mid-century reaches its peak of collectability is that the evocative, sensual designs have been stripped of all their allure, save the price tag. Today they command a trendy, hip, kitsch perspective. The furniture, the more ironic the better, inspires a lust of ownership among collectors who were tots at the time of production. Nostalgia goes hand in hand with the ATM check card and gone is the time when the Bardot-evoked designs spoke of revolution, production, and desire.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We sent Laurel Charles, a junior staffer at loud paper, *to hear magazine-publisher-of-the-moment Tyler Brûlé speak as the final installment in* Commodity and Delight, *a series of talks about graphic design put on by the SFMOMA. She took BART from our East Bay headquarters and sat in with the fabulous and the fantastic at the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco. What follows is more than the story of* Wallpaper* *magazine. It's the story of a man, a vision and ultimately, a brand.*

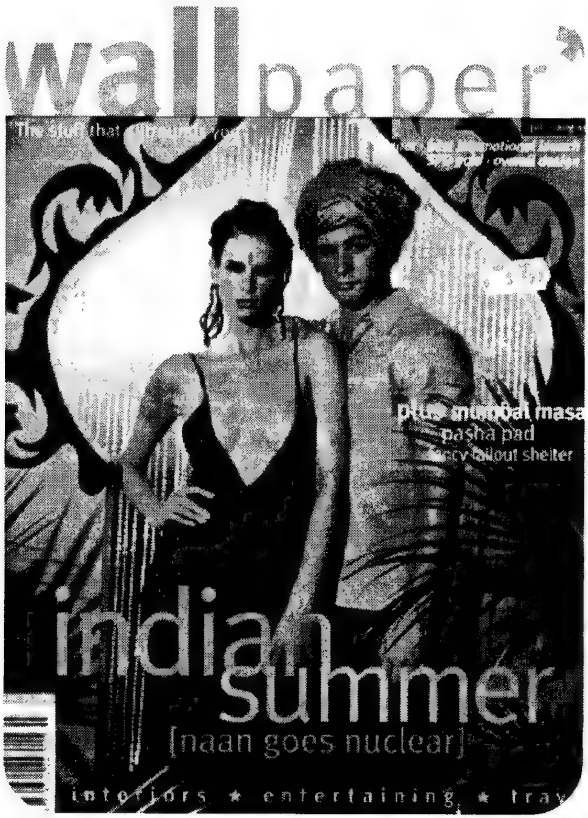
laurel charles

The Canadian urban modernist with peculiar fitting pants stared into the lights of the Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens and began to recount his war stories from Afghanistan. "I made the driver stop and pile metal ashtrays in the shape of MIGs into the trunk. They were beautiful and about twenty-five cents apiece." Sadly, the ashtrays were lost after gunfire riddled the car and Mr. Brûlé.

It was while convalescing at his parents' house that he came up with the idea for *Wallpaper**. His vision: "It should be a magazine about the stuff that surrounds you...." Apparently, the stuff that surrounds Mr. Brûlé is not standard-issue chintz and clutter, but cool modern design and models with beautiful milky skin. No Nan Goldin-chic for *Wallpaper**. Brûlé's goal for the magazine is to be "upbeat, positive and optimistic." It is the perfect poolside companion for any *urban modernist* or *global navigator*.

I love *Martha Stewart's Living*,
but my friends and I don't have golden
retrievers and garden parties,
we live in the city.
-tb

That is the crux of the publication. It is a male-inclusive, urban version of *Living* (both a man and a woman are featured on the cover each month.) Only this magazine takes into account the reader so entirely that it demands only the most beautiful advertisements. Those not up to *Wallpaper** snuff are simply sent back. The advertisements are returned for redesign not by sheer whim, since a budding magazine cannot afford



to alienate its advertisers, but for the integrity of the whole magazine. The first half of "the book," as Tyler calls the publication, is designed "against the ads."

The look of the magazine merges with advertisements to create a seamless experience for the reader. In order to maintain the high quality of design in the magazine and to drum up some extra cash for his design staff, Brûlé began Wink Media. It is a spin-off of *Wallpaper** that acts as an advertising agency for needy *Wallpaper** advertisers. This handholding between the media and the advertiser is, as explained by Brûlé, entirely innocent and in the best interest of the reader, since nobody wants to look at ugly pages. But the blatant reality of this union is a bit unsettling.

Features and copy are also designed to incorporate product. The feature section entitled *The Space* (Tyler's favorite section) takes a newly built architectural masterpiece a David Chipperfield or something, and adds models, vintage and new modern furniture and a load of stylish accessories. A Danish glass ashtray, a Calvin Klein linen napkin or any piece in the photo spreads is consumable. Prices, in local currency, are listed as well as a place for purchase.

Anyone looking for celebs should look elsewhere. *Wallpaper** doesn't show what they have; it shows what you could have. There are no one-of-a-kind curios, only consumable products. The *Wallpaper** philosophy calls for anonymity and projection. The spaces are nameless, the dreams and desires are your own. The houses are literally stripped bare of all furniture and filled with new things for shoots. Brûlé feels that celebrity houses are best left to *In-Style* magazine, which, as Tyler says, isn't half bad for that sort of thing.

Imagine my surprise when, late in the talk, Mr. Brûlé revealed his true aspirations for the magazine – brand *Wallpaper**. I had naïvely thought that WP was driven from a designer's perspective. That would explain the amazing interiors, graphics, and Albert Frey/ Palm Spring resurrections. (When asked about his architectural motives, TB diverted to marketability and style. It would seem that, packaged a la 1960, buildings sell magazines. Tell that to *Architectural Record.*) But *Wallpaper** is as much of a product as the items it promotes within its full bleed, glossy pages. It targets a narrow market that is seeking a vicarious, up to the minute lifestyle. Of the twenty people on staff, only one and a half (Tyler and his art director) lead the *Wallpaper** life. The poor souls who haven't flown on the Concorde are out of luck. But if Brûlé's pants (shiny, creased and ill-fitting Prada things) are part of the lifestyle being sold at Harvey Nichols, then I, for one, will keep to the *loud paper* life.

loudpaper

loudpaper